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"WORLD" GROWTH

STRIKINGLY SHOWN.

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Average Number Advertisements Daily

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THE MAYORALTY DISCUSSION.

Politics and patriotism seldom travel hand in hand. We hear a great deal of talk just now about the necessity of electing a capable, honest man for Mayor this year. But it will be observed that the Tammany Democrats want a Tammany candidate who fills the bill, the County Democracy clamor for a reliable County Democrat and the Republicans will be satisfied only with a straight Republican.

Is there not a large amount of humbug in all this? Does not Tammany want a Mayor who will fill the offices, mainly at least, from the ranks of the Wigwam army? Does not the County Democracy organization stand up stoutly for a candidate who has proved himself faithful to its interests both by putting its followers into office and protecting them through thick and thin after they get there? Is not the object of Republicanism to grab the offices through a division in the majority party or a bargain with one of the opposing factions ?

This is not saying that the people cannot expect a good executive officer from either political party. It only means that the politicians intend to keep an eye on their own interests while attending to the interests of the city. The charge that Tammany wants to seize on all the offices is a humbug coming from the other party organizations, because each of them is after precisely the same thing.

What the people want is a Mayor of liberal views, of strict personal honesty, of energetic practical action, of firm character, who will not appoint improper men to office; who will not protect rascals in office, even if they happen to be of his own party; who will have no cranky, obstructive notions to infere with the public good, and whose administration will give us cleaner streets, desirable public improvements and a better government than we have had recently.

As to the offices, it matters not to what party they may go so long as they are filled with capable, faithful and honest men,

# CARELESS CONDUCTORS.

By an unfortunate accident, a woman named BRIDGET NOLAN, about forty years of age, was run over by a Broadway car below Wall street yesterday and instantly killed. It does not appear that the driver was to blame. The deceased hailed an uptown car, whose conductor either did not see her or did not wait to take her up. Then she stepped back on to the downtown track, and stood there without seeing a car that was approaching at the regular speed and was within twenty feet of her. The driver, WILLIAM J. NIEMEYER, applied the brakes and did all in his power to stop the car, but mainly owing to the fact that the rails had just been sprinkled by a watering cart, he tailed to do so until the horses reached the woman and knocked her down, when the front wheels rolled over her and she was instantly killed.

If blame attaches to any one, it must be the conductor of the uptown car, which failed to stop when hailed by the deceased. It is too often the practice of conductors, especially when they happen to be a trifle behind time, to pay no heed to a summons to stop but to drive right on, leaving the passenger to take the next car. A person is thus left standing in the road, naturally a little confused and sometimes angry, and this doubtless was the case with the unfortunate deceased. It is no excuse to say that the conductor did not see the woman. It is his duty to be on the alert.

NIEMEYER, the driver, seems to be innocent of any carelessness. But the inquiry should be extended to the conductor of the uptown car and to the reason why he did not stop to take up the deceased when she hailed

# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In one of the District Courts yesterday Chinaman was charged with violation of a city ordinance. It came out in the course of the examination that this particular Celestial had been brought up, convicted and fined once before for a similar offense. But before his first trouble he was called Quono LEE, while now he known as Su Sino.

This apparent incongruity was explained by the pigtailed and intelligent fellow-countryman who represented the defendant,

law, he says, he immediately changes his name. This shows that a Celestial has a keen sense of the disgrace of being found to have been a law-breaker. He no longer desires to bear a name which has been tainted. It would be well if some of our countrymen had a similar delicacy of feeling on such subjects. But with us, unfortunately, a lawbreaker seldom thinks of changing his name unless it be for the purpose of throwing the police off his track and covering up the fact

of a former conviction. Quong Lee, now called Su Sing, had only violated a city ordinance, so that his alias was not a disgrace or a reflection on his honesty. It was rather to his credit, So the Justice thought, for he dismissed the case and sent Su Sinc out of court without the necessity of again submitting to a rebaptismal process.

### A NATURAL HEROINE.

Mrs. Lizzie Hay is the model wife for frontiersman or one who dwells on the borders of Mexico or in the wilds of Texas. When a ruffian, called the "Lone Highwayman." who has for two years past been the terror of the neighborhood, paid her a visit during her husband's absence and proposed to sack the house, she met him with a gun, which missed fire on the first attempt to shoot. The robber attacked her with a bowie knife and she received an ugly cut in the forehead. But she clubbed her gun, knocked her assailant down and, before he could rise again, shot him. He escaped to his horse and rode away, but not before Mrs. HAY, wiping the blinding blood from her eyes, had found another cartridge which she sent after him. His dead body was discovered by the roadside some distance from the house.

It is well that Mrs. HAY, not Miss GIBBONS found her home on the head prong of the Rio Sabinal, in Bandera County, Tex., far away from railroads and telegraphs. Had she married a New Yorker and settled in the city her good qualities might have remained undis covered. In Texas they have been grandly developed and made her a local queen. Gentlemen of the road will give her dwelling a clear berth in the future.

It requires circumstances to draw out a person's real merits, after all, no matter what position in life he or she may fill

It may be politic, but it is not honest, for the Republican Senators to crowd enormous additional appropriations on to every money bill before Congress, for the purpose of swelling the expenses of a Democratic Administration. The General Deficiency Appropriation bill which went through the Senate yesterday is increased \$1,120,000 above its total as it came from the House. The United States Senate ought to be above such unworthy tricks.

A story is affort that the steerage passengers on the steamship Zaandam, from Amsterdam, who arrived here yesterday, were cruelly treated on their passage over. It is to be hoped that a strict investigation will be made. As a rule the emigrants are kindly treated by the steamship lines and few complaints are heard. The more reason why this report should be thoroughly sifted.

# JERSEY CITY PERSONALITIES.

Hiram Anness is a choir-singer of the first water. Alderman Jewkes would rather smoke than cat. Dick Cooper has declared his intention of runing for the Assembly.

Martin Ward has had his hair cut, au infallible ndication of prosperity. Gustave Mitzler is conceded to be the most orig-

inal advertiser in the city. Sydney Hegerman says that life would not be

worth the living outside of Jersey. Eddy Wright has taken his gun to South Jersey

o exterminate the feathered tribes. Harry Gleucoe swears that he will vote the straight Prohibition ticket this year.

Finance Commissioner Datz spends all of his time catching bluefish from the big Rockaway pier. Prosecutor Winfield is busily preparing for the rials of the boodle Board of

aloners. Sheriff Davis is up to his neck in politics, which is not saying a great deal, considering Bob's 4 fee

November. He owns the "Horseshoe" just at present George Douglas is missing from the First District Court. He has been sent up for ten days-to

Assemblyman Norton will have a walk-over in

the mountains. Col. Dickinson is soon to resign 'the command of the Fourth Regiment, Justice Farn Wanser, the

### Lieutenant-Colonel, will be his successor. WORLDLINGS.

A St. Paul woman, while waiting in a dentist's office to have a tooth pulled, fell on her knees and prayed to heaven to give her strength to undergo

A Wyoming paper has made the discovery tha there is a fertile valley in Ulnta-County, forty miles in length, that is peopled by a colony of 700 Mormons, who harvest large crops and are in every way prosperous.

Buffalo Bill's Western home is a ranch of 3,000 acres of prairie land, a little over three miles out from North Platte, Neb. On it are kept a score or more of little Shetland pomes and Col. Cody's pet horse Auctioneer, a handsome, coal-black Arabian

charger. Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has just received a perfect copy of the rare Saur Bible. This valuable work was presented to him by a grandson of the original printer of the book. It is large as a modern pulpit Bible, with a mosaic

cover, and is strongly bound, A lady who recently visited Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that the poetess is accustomed to plan her bills of tare a week in advance, subject to such changes as unforeseen circumstances may cause. She does all her marketing, and takes great pride in her household duties.

# Where He Is to Be Found.

(From Epoch.)
Stranger (to bartender)—Was there a gentleman in here this morning who talked about his bones and sinews, and who claimed that he only pays for whiskey once a year ?

Bartender—He was here, stranger? Stranger—D'ye know where I can find him? Bartender—Yes, stranger; the gentleman's pres-nt address is Bellevue Hospital, Surgical Ward a.

Measures of the Wrong Man. J. J. Richards, of 721 Third avenue, pleaded guilty in the Tomba Court to-day to stealing three boxes of three-foot rules from a store at Chambers and Church streets. He was held for trial.

# When a Chinaman gets into trouble with the | A CHAT WITH AMELIE RIVES

THE YOUNG VIRGINIAN TELLS FRANKLY OF HER LIFE AND HER WORK.

She Laughs Merrily at the Stories of Ho Overtaxed Strength and Says They Are as True as That About Her Confirmation-She Likes Shakespeare and Still Reads Grimm's " Fairy Tales."

Amélie Rives, now Mrs. J. A. Chanler, the charming young Virginia authoress, whose literary efforts, especially "The Quick or the Dead," have created much more than a passing interest in herself and works, is registered with her husband at the Brevoort.

an Evening World reporter, with whom she talked of herself and her plans with delightful frankness. The young authoress was found leaning



No photograph nor word portraiture can ever do justice to her pretty face, because its hiet charm lies in its exquisite coloring. The skin is a delicate pink and white; the lips, well formed, without being full, are of a vivid red; above them are a well-shaped nose, and a pair of the handsomest eyes in the world. Then, over this oval face with its dainty brightness, clusters a mass of light brown hair, which shades into the brightest gold. It was brushed back and caught in a simple knot low down on the neck, in the fashion which Mrs. Langtry has made so

fashion which Mrs. Langtry has made so popular with her sex.

The most pronounced feature of Amelie Rives's face are those eyes. While she is a perfect blonde in every other respect, the eyes are of the deepest hazel, gleaming like holished agate, and when the pupil is at all dilated they seem black. Long, silky, jet-black lashes fringe their justre, and her eyebrows are also quite dark. Amelie Rives, in a word, is a perfect

their justre, and her eyebrows are also quite dark. Amelie Rives, in a word, is a perfect '' Spanish blonde," one of the most beautiful types of feminine beauty.

She was dressed in a simple costume of of some pale blue stuff, while a ribbon of darker blue encircled her waist. A deep collar of rich lace, in large meshes, fell about six inches from her neck, and the same lace was tastefully applied to parts of the dress as trimming. The whole costume was marked by quite telegance. trimming. The whole costume was marked by quiet elegance.
On the third finger of her plump left hand

on the third anger of her plump left hand was a heavy gold circle, her wedding ring, and this was the one piece of jewelry which Mrs. Chanler wore. No earrings, not even a jewelled pin to catch the lace at her throat. Nothing could be simpler, more careless and yet more elegant than her toilet. A long-stemmed red rose was fastened in the bosom of her cown.

of her gown.

Mrs. Chanler and her husband have just come from Newport. "I have had a delightful rest there," said she. "There is nothing that refreshes me like the sea. I am passionately fond of it."

"The year expect to reside in New York Do you expect to reside in New York

after this?"

"No. We are going abroad and shall not "No. We are going abroad and shall not "heistman. Then after this?"

"No. We are going abroad and shall not return till shortly before Christmas. Then we will go back to Virginia. I must confess to being a victim to that dreadful malady, homesickness. I do not believe the Swiss feel separation from their country more keenly than I do. This has always been so. When I was a child I used to be taken to Mobile every year, and I suffered intensely in being removed from my home. It is always that way."

that way Then you have very strong local attach-Associations are so much for me. That is a comfort, for if it should be necessary for me ever to live in a new place, though I would feel it at first. I dare say I would get

ustomed to it, and eventually learn to love the new spot."
"Do you like the country better than the city ?

city?"

"Oh, far better. I do not care for city life. I like the freedom and out-of-door life of the country, and our part of Virginia seems to me very beautiful. I do not care for society, and I only take a plunge into it occasionally just to get the angles rubbed off and to prevent myself from getting rusty. I think it is only right to do that."

"Does the labor of composing fatigue you?"

you?"
"Not at all. When I am in the mood for work I can keep at it for hours. I have often begun at 9 or 9.30 and worked uninterruptedly, except for a light dinner, till 1 or 2 of course that was wrong to go without any exercise. I was not composing all the time, you know, but my mind was given up entirely to the work of constructing and work-

tirely to the work of constructing and working out the details of my story."

"What is your literary method, Mrs. Chanler?" asked the reporter.

"I haven't a method. I may say that want of method is my method," she added with a smile. "I do not have to wait for inspiration, but I like to be in a good mood. I rarely do any work during the summer or spring. I begin about the end of October and my working time continues up to the end of March. During the other months of the year I am comparatively idle." the year I am comparatively idie

Do you get your novels completed in mind before you begin to put them on Paper?"

Yes. The whole plot is formed with certain general points to be worked in or worked up."

worked up."
"Do you utilize actual men, things and places in your fiction, or do you draw on your imagination entirely for your charac-

I draw on my fancy for them almost entirely. Not that I do not care for the realistic school. I enjoy Mr. Howells ery much. It is a narrow taste which can find enjoyment only in one particular class or school. I pleasure in the different kinds of writers. You must have familiarized yourself great deal with the Elizabethan dramatists,

said the visitor. When I was a girl of about fifteen, when I was a girl of about inteen, I found a copy of 'Beaumont and Fletcher' and I enjoyed reading it very much. But Shakespeare was my great delight. They gave me Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' but I was not satisfied till I got at Shakespeare interest"

'Yet she reads Grimm's 'Fairy Tales' with pleasure even now," interposed Chapler, while his wife smiled artlessly. How do you compose? Are you particu-about your surroundings?" continued

the reporter.

"I use foolscap paper. Some of you cruel "I use foolscap paper. Some of you cruel newspaper men will say that is a remarkably appropriate kind of paper for me to employ," Mrs. Chanler said. with a girlish smile. "Then I take an old account book and put it in my lap to write on, lean back in my chair so"—and she let herself sink back easily into the capacious chair—"and write away for hours. It hurts me to bend over."

Everything that the young writer said, while the impression she gave one was that

when something happened to arouse a pleasant sense of humor her brilliant eyes narrowed and seemed to focus a softer intensity

rowed and seemed to focus a softer intensity in their lays.

"Which do you enjoy most," asked her caller, "writing poetry or prose?"

"I enjoy poetry more, although I must frankly confess that I am not much of a master of metre and the technique of verse. The sonnet is almost the only form of poetry with which I am familiar, I wrote a sonnet, I remember, when I was a girl, and sent it to the Century. I think Mr. Holland was conducting it then. It was returned to me with a little printed rejection on a slip of paper. I pinned it in the fly leaf of an old book and wrote on it: "This is a mistake. Some day this will be printed!" And it was," archly added Mrs. Chauler.

added Mrs. Chanler.

"Was the success of 'The Quick or the Dead' anything of a surprise to you?"

"The most utter surprise. I wrote the novel in three weeks, and sent the manuscript Though busily engaged in preparations for travel, Mrs. Chanler found time to welcome an Evening Wonth reporter with whom she into pieces as they do with one when they

into pieces as they do with one when they give it to the printers."

In speaking of her somewhat phenomenal literary success at her early years, Mrs. Chanier said: "Of course, I have done a great deal of writing and reading. Ever since I was six years old. I used to make a little paper for the other children."

"Are any of your sisters or the rest of the family of a literary turn of mind?"

"No. My younger sister has a passion for drawing, but none of the family showed any

family of a literary turn of mind?"
"No. My younger sister has a passion for drawing, but none of the family showed any special inclination towards letters."
When the report of Mrs. Chanler's overtaxed physical condition was delicately introduced, the fair young authoress threw herself back in the chair and gave yent to the merger and of laughter raising her the merriest peal of laughter, raising her hands and letting them fall into her lap.
"That is just as true," said she, "as the confirmation story, and the report about my doing the 'Lily Maid of Astolat," and here

he burst into another merry laugh, in which her husband joined.
"They said that I came into the room for

"They said that I came into the room for my confirmation robed in snowy white, with floating sleeves, my hair streaming loose to the waist, and that I sank weeping on my knees before the Bishop, who was standing at a satin-robed altar.

"The whole truth, plain and unvarnished, is this: I had prepared for confirmation with the rest of the class, numbering about thirty. At the time the Bishop came I was so ill that I could not go out. He said he would confirm me in my room, but I thought it better firm me in my room, but I thought it better to make the effort to get downstairs, though I was so weak that papa had to carry me. I wore a white tea-gown as an appropriate cos-tume and had my hair done up as it is now. There was a simple white cloth of some kind spread over the table where the Bible and the Ritual lay. That is the whole of the con-firmation story, and the others as a rule are just as true as that and no truer."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Chanler, "and the story about my wife having a party or a picwore a white tea-gown as an appropriate cos-

nic and being rowed around in a canoe. stretched on the bottom of it and covered with roses, while an idiot boy paddled the birch-bark craft about, is all made up. Noth-ing of the kind ever happened, except in

somebody's fancy."
"What do you expect to do while you are abroad, Mrs. Chanler? Anything except travelling?"

traveling?"
"Oh, yes, I mean to take lessons in painting while I am in France. For writing, one can learn by reading the best authors. They are models, and reading them simply is an education in the art of composing. But for painting and drawing, the principles have to be imparted by masters. I believe the best teachers are to be found in France. I often make a drawing or rude sketch on my manu-

make a drawing of rude sketch on my manuscript that must edify the proofreader."

"Do you ever desire any assistance from stimulants in your writing;"

"Never! Stimulants simply set me to sleep, and my doctor has forbidden everything in the least alcoholic. Even tea and coffee are forbidden me, and there is some question of barring out soup. I have to drink this," she said taking a class of Vichy which s," she said, taking a glass of Vichy which

Mr. Chanler drew from a siphon on the side-table. "I don't exactly know why.
"I am in love with my art," shelconcluded, as the visitor arose to take his leave, "and shall continue it. I have a new povel in contemplation now, but do not care to say any-thing about it till it takes more definite shape."

#### Aid for an Unfortunate Family. To the Editor of The Evening World:

The inclosed clipping from your valuable paper has caused me great distress. I knew Mr. Keeler and his family in his prosperous days, and I do not think he is responsible for his present conduct.

Now, your paper has aided the unfortunate so often before, can you not do something in this case? I inclose \$10. Will you kindly open a subscription list for his unfortunate and suffering wife and little ones? This will no doubt meet with a hearty re-

sponse from your many readers, and will you not also do what you can, or suggest what could be done to obtain the pardon of the unfortunate man? IN WILLIS'S NAME.

New York, Sept. 24.

[The clipping inclosed with the above letter was the report of Michael T. Keeler's con-

viction of forgery at the age of sixty-two and his scattence to Sing Sing. His famil was left destitute in a partially dismantle house at 201 West Thirty-eighth street.] ?

# His Rating.



Prof. Cramwell-So your son goes back to co ege to-morrow. What is his class this year? Mrs. Adley-I've really forgotten. Edmund what's your class this year? Edmund (proudly)—Two pounds more and I'll be middle-weight,

Notes of the Campaign. The Harrison and Morton Republican Club of the Eleventh Assembly District, will hold a mass meeting on Thursday evening, at the Round House of the Harlein Esliroad, Fourth avenue, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets. Among the speakers will be John F. Plummer, Edward T. Barilett, James P. Foster, W. M. K. Olcott and John S. Smith.

The Tale of Hotel Registers. W. V. R. Berry, of Washington; T. B. Wilmerding, of Paris, and C. E. Paine, of Providence, are at the Albemarie.

Among the Bartholdi Hotel guests are T. Trevor of Cincinnati; Fred Stimsson, of Andover, Mass, and A. Halden, of Boston. At the Brunswick are J. M. Gildden, of Boston: P. H. Moen, of Worcester, Mass.; M. Galiet, of Paris, and W. B. Howard, of Chicago. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel are Dr. J. F. Valle, of St. Louis; Capt. Campbell, of Scotiand; Norman Leebe, of London, and E. S. Benger, of Montreal. G. H. Price, of Nashville, Tenn.; M. A. Hanna, of Cleveland; C. A. Chickering, of Copenhagen, and B. S. Crumley, of Rochester, are at the Glasy.

Prominent at the Hoffman House are J. A. David-son, of Chicago; H. W. Tenny, of Boston; W. G. Ewing, of Chicago, and A. D. Armstrong, of Mem-nis. Registered at the St. James are W. H. Albert, of Cincinnati; D. W. Sweeney, of Palladelphia; H. H. Johnston, of Chicago, and Arthur Stein, of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati.

Among the Sturievant House guesta are J. L. Lucas, of Saratoga; R. W. Breckenridge, of Omaha; C. A. Smith, of Lynn, Mass., and B. K. Hattersiy, of London.

Among the recent arrivals at the Astor House are A. L. Levejoy, of Boston; J. L. Woodson, of Washington; L. A. Turner, of Emira; C. H. Curtis, of Boston, and C. Lynen, of Detrois. while the impression she gave one was that of the most naive girlishness, was uttered with great simplicity and unaffectedness, and

HERE IS A FAIR WHICH IS VERY MUCH LIKE FAIRYLAND OUGHT TO BE.

retty Ludles, with Bright Eyes and Sweet Mmiles, Tempt You to Make Purchases-Voting for Almost Everything from a Toy to a Popular Newspaper-The Stands and Who Preside at Them.

The second week of the Anti-Poverty fair pegan last evening under the most favorable uspices. The attendance was as large as on the pre-

eding nights, and many a susceptible young man who wandered within the sacred precincts of Madison Square Garden with a roll of bills, left after running the gauntlet of scores of pretty girls with just his car fare

It was impossible to resist the pretty adnerents of the Anti-Poverty Society. They pleaded with both eyes and lips, and their entreaties were such as would move the

heart of any average young man.

And who would not invest in such beautiful things? If you didn't want to take a chance on a gold watch because it would And who would not invest in such beautiful things? If you didn't want to take a chance on a gold watch because it would cost too much you would be corralled by the young woman with the locent book, and if she didn't succeed then the woman with the cent for Anti-Poverty basket would surely fetch you.

Old Terpsichore attracts crowds, and pretty Mamie Elliott is kept busy selling tickets for

the dance.

If you don't dance, then you can have your fortune told by charming Miss Gerity, who sits in her tent and predicts your future.

Then there is the man who will take yours have girl's nicture for the small sum and your cest girls picture for the small sum of 25 cents, electric light included. And the Bohemian-Irish glassblowers will amuse you. The Star of the New Crusade table, presided over by Miss Mary Burke and attended by Maggie Houlihan, Mamie Copeland, Mrs. Copeland and Miss Murry, contains many beautiful articles, among them being a plush rocker, a fancy work table, a pair of handsome gilt jars and, my! such an assortment of other things.

At the Cross of the New Crusade table, Miss Carson, assisted by Clara Orr, Mamie Orr, Nellie Lincoln, Eva Lincoln and Mrs. Orr, there is voting for the most popular young lady. So far Miss Clara Orr is ahead.

Of all the tables the east side branch table shines forth prominently. It is presided over by Miss M. A. Reilly, Mrs. James Conlon, Mrs. George Smith. of 25 cents, electric light included. And the

over by Miss M. A. Relily, Mrs. James Con-lon, Mrs. George Smith.

A table scarf valued at \$100, which is to be voted to the most popular lady member of the society, is on exhibition here. Miss Bar-bara McCook so far is in the lead.

bara McCook so far is in the lead.

Little golden-haired Daisy Crowley is next.
With Miss Crowley is a lamb, and she poses
as Mary. Pretty Miss Annie Casey presides
here, and with her charming smile will inveigle you into taking a chance on the lamb.
Table No. 9 is fixed up neatly. Miss Kate
Murphy, assisted by Mary Brennan, Kate
Connelly, Mary Sheehan, Maggie McMahon
and Maggie Downing look out for the interests of Anti-Poverty here. Among the
valuable articles on this table are two gold
watches, and a gold-headed umbrella, to be
yoted to the most popular male member of voted to the most popular male member of

The bookstand which is presided over by
The bookstand Miss Cassidy is loaded
Miss Shields and Miss Cassidy is loaded down with useful books, which can be had at less than if you bought them in a store. Mary Halligan presides over the restaurant where a good meal is given for a quarter. Then there is voting for the most popular

Then there is voting for the most popular evening paper.

Of course The Evening World is ahead in the contest for that "office" cat.

Everything is going along lovely, and Prof. McAuliffe is still on deck.

Preparations are in progress for the banquet which is to be given in honor of Dr. McGlynn's birthday anniversary, which occurs Thurday. Three hundred plates will be laid.

All in all the Anti-Poverty fair is a success.

All in all, the Anti-Poverty fair is a success and the management deserve to be congratu

# HOW THEY SEND MONEY AWAY.

The Manner in Which Express Companies Handle Valuable Packages. A heavy wagon, drawn by two spirited

of one of the great express companies on lower Broadway last evening about 6.30. The wagon was a strongly built vehicle, with sides of iron netting and the backboard securely fastened on by a large lock. Seated on the box were two big, burly men, and the manner in which one of them handled the

gray horses, pulled up in front of the office

reins showed that he was an experienced the driver backed the wagon against the curbing in front of the office and jumping from his seat took a large key from his pocket and unfastened the backboard of the

wagon.
Standing in the doorway of the express Standing in the doorway of the express office was a boy who, as soon as the wagon hove in sight, turned and notified four other men who were standing in the vicinity of eight mysterious-looking, triple-locked, heavy-banded boxes. Receiving the notification from the boy, the four men carried the boxes separately to the sidewalk, where the driver and his companion stood watch over driver and his companion stood watch over

When all the boxes were brought out they were placed on the wagon, and the four men getting in with them, the backboard was securely replaced and fastened by the driver, who placed the key in his pocket. Mounting his box he drove rapidly up Broadway and was soon lost to sight.

This is how the express company sends

away their daily shipment of money to the Western cities. The strongly secured boxes contain many thousands of dollars and are guarded zealously.

The men in the wagon, including the driver their contents of the contents o

# and his companions, are all armed, and it is said a box under the seat of the wagon con-tains four Winchester rifles, so that an at-tempt at robbery would be repulsed with loss to the attacking parties.

An Electric Light Wire Cut. A great deal of talk has been occasioned by the A great deal of tak has been occasioned by the removal of a dead pole at the corner of Thirty\* third street and Sixth avenue. The pole was the property of the defunct Manhattan Telegraph Co., and near it hung one of the United States Illuminating Co.'s wires. In removing the condemned pole the United States Co.'s wire had to be cut, and the Board of Electrical Control would not permit the workmen to repair the wire.

# Notes in the Labor Field.

Political promises are so numerous about this time that it is said all the labor leaders will get a plum it their promisers succeed.

The labor societies of Pittsburg have raised over \$2,500 for the monument to be creeted. , 500 for the monument to be erected in me Tkomas Armstrong, a noted labor leader. Saturday will be Labor Day at Wheeling, W. Va., when a grand parade will take place under the anaptees of the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor As

It is reported that the stone for the new Government building at Pittsburg is coming from the South and non-union men will be sent to cut it. The union men will enter a protest against the discominant on. The United Labor party of the Twenty-second

District will open the campaign to-night at Parepa Hall, 1533 Third avenue, corner of Eighty-sixth street. Louis P. Delan will preside on the occasion and give a dissertation on the tariff and slogic land-tax questions. Inno-tax questions.

The State Committee of the United Labor party has re-elected Dr. McGlynn Chairman and Gaybert Barnes Secretary. Resolutions have been passed requiring the officers of the party to vote the straight electoral ticket and instructing the speakers to confine themselves to the principles of the United Labor party.

# Western Herrors.

Gotham dirl-Wasn't it awful! A farmer it Nebraska was entombed in a well for eight days.

Col. Kentuck—hiy Lord | Eight days with nothing to drink but water ?

# IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

The Symposium Still Progressing at a Very Lively Rate.

To the Editor of The Ecentra World:

There is a touching little story in the Apocrypha about a young man and woman who were just married and ready to start together in their united career, and this was their first cry to heaven when the wedding guests had gone and they were left alone in their chamber: "Mercifully ordain that we may grow old together." If all young mar-ried folk would utter such a prayer, and strive to render its fulfilment possible, would not life be sweeter to many? Au-

would not life be sweeter to many? Audubon, the naturalist, married a good,
sweet woman; and when she began to find
him out she found he would wander off a
thousand miles in quest of a bird. She said
"Amen!" and went with him, camped in the
woods, lived in log tuts and shauties on the
frontier; anywhere to be with him. She
entered into his enthusiasm, shared his
labors and counted all things but dross for abors and counted all things but dross for labors and counted all things but dross for the excellency of the glory of being Audu-bon's wife. When the children tegan to come to them he had to wander off alone; but he could not go into a valley so deep or a wilderness so distant that the light would not shine on him out of their windows. He knew exactly where he would find her, and how she would look; for while, as Ruskin reminds us the clouds are pever twice alike. reminds us, the clouds are never twice alike, the sun is always familiar, and it was sunshine he saw when he looked homeward. She understood what it meant "to grow aged together." Is there not a lesson for wives in this?

# "The Great Thinkers" Quoted.

Here a few remarks on wives and marriage by the great thinkers of the world, which may touch the present linteresting controversy:

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—N. P. Willis.

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—Richter.

A wife is a gift bestowed upon man to reconcile him to the loss of Paradise.—

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world.— Wallace.

Woman, as wife, has educated, does educate and ever will educate the mind and and train the heart of man. The first throb of literary ambition, my earliest and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine men may be pleased

whatever words of mine men may be pleased to remember most pleasantly, whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance. I owe to a loving, devoted wife.—*Hobert J. Burdette*. All that I am my mother made me.—*John* 

To the Editor of The Evening World It would not be strange if the majority of your correspondents should claim that marriage is a failure. The happy and contented husbands and wives do not care to enter into this controversy, while many on the other side of the question are glad of an opportunity to give vent to their feelings in a widely circulated paper. If the truth could be known, it would be found that, in every case known, it would be found that, in every case of unhappy and unsuccessful marriage, some good and sufficient cause existed—and there are many causes that I could mention—but the most general cause is the want of love in one or both. Margaret Fuller Ossoli says: "Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it." If the wife does not love or has not the love of her husband, she is apt to seek her love elsewhere, The exceptions that we find, I think, only prove the rule that "marriage is not a failure,"

J. T. R.

#### An Insurance Agent's Testimony. the Editor of The Evening World:

Marriage is not a failure, A grander and nobler institution was never inaugurated into the world! but in many cases, like every other great and good thing, it has been other great and good thing, it has been abused, and of late years has become a luxury which only the rich can enjoy. I think I should know something about the matter, being an insurance agent, and having during the last ten years of my life visited in that and other capacities nearly every house from Harlem to the Battery, leaving out the aristocracy of Fifth avenue, &c. I can say with all honesty and truthfulness that the thousands of happy homes I have seen and entered more than compensate for the miseratered more than compensate for the misera-ble ones, and that any unbiassed judge would pronounce it the noblest association that ever God put into the heart of man to con-

New York, Sept, 24.

To the Editor of The Evening World: From personal experience I cannot answer the question, but from my observation I think it is. I have known a great many couples of married people and really met but two couples who appeared to be perfectly congenial and contented after reaching the middle life. Observation teaches me that the old French philosopher was right when he laid down the maxim: "In love there is always one who consents to be loved." He also wrote: "Marriage is the the grave of love." wrote: "Marriage is the the grave of love. In their confidences with me it has been fre quently demonstrated that the reason people remained in the married state was that they had hardened themselves to endurance of each other so as to make no complaint to each other, but took good care to babble their trouble to listening ears, when they thought those auriculars led to sympathizing

### COELEBS. Her Marriage Not a Fallure.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The failure very often depends upon the want of confidence and true love. I have want of confidence and true love. I have been married ten years and have not found it a failure yet. My husband has always been in good business and made lots of money, but two years ago he was stricken down with a severe illness that almst resulted death. He has been an invalid ever since. We have become reduced in circumstances through his sickness, and I have been compelled to work very hard to try and get along. Yet I have not found marriage a failure, and thank God that my dear husband is spared to me, and hope he will be for many years to come.

A Devoted Wife.

That Sensible Corypbec.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read with interest the answers to the query, "Is Marriage a Failure?" Last evening I noticed the letter written by Bertha Chase, and to my mind it is full of good common sense. I always thought that coryphees were giddy and fast, but this letter corypaces were glady and has, but the steel changes my opinion greatly. I admire the writer of that letter for her good, sound common sense, and only hope her stage companions will in the future copy after her.
A Loves of Pure Womanhood.

# He Knew How It Was.

[From the Curtoon.]
Magistrate-What is the obarge against this Officer-He threw a photograph lens at a baby

and out its head. Magistrate—Are you a regular photographer? Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. I had been trying or two mortal hours to take a picture of that title imp. I mean little baby, Your Honor, and—

Tired All Over Is the expression a lady used in describing her condition before using Hood's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is

You are discharged. I used to be

wonderfully adapted for weakened or low state of the gutein. It tones the whole body, overcomes that tired feeling, gives purity and vitality to the blood, and clears and freshens the mind. Try is if you feel tired all over. Hood's Sarsaparilia is sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Propered by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lewell, Mass.

# STRUCK DOWN AT HIS DESK

ANOTHER CASE OF WHAT IS OCCUR. RING DAILY AND HOURLY UN-DER OUR VERY EYES.

Struck down at his deak-dead. What was the matter? Only what is the matter with inquesnds upon thousands of others-brain and nervous exhaustion from everwork, fret, worry and the cares and anxieties of the pushing known better than to have overdriven a horse or run an engine on a continual strain at its highest pressure of team. But he thought that the human brain and nerre nd muscle might with immunity be forced to and kept a

the highest tension.

And so it might had he stopped to think that the nerve force needed renewing now and then; that he was wear-ing out his power of brain and nerve, and that just so

surely as he did not recuperate this vital force, just so surely would sudden and utter collapse ensue. It is true that we have to work in this world, and that it is apparently necessary to strain our nervous emergion to their utmost in order to succeed; but we are foolish indeed if we do not supply the overworked brain and nerves with that which is necessary to supply the want of power and the w.a. and tear of tissue,

What ought this man, struck down in the midst of his

unnnished work, to have done? unnushed work, to have done?
Simply to have kept up a supply of nerve power and
vigor. And he done thus he might now have been living, Had he, instead of using up and exhausting his whole stock of nerve force, built it up as fast as it was used, work as hard as he might, he would have never reached this terribly fatal end. He simply let the pervous vital

ity run low in his system, and did not generate more steam when the strain upon his nerves called for it. Had he used his common sense as ne did his keen business in-tellect, he would have foreseen from the unmatskable You, reader, like him, are rushing on blindly te surdestruction. You are warned every day and every hou of your impending doom. How? By these strange sen-sations, that dull and bad feeling head, that restless ness, irritability and ner yousness; by those more or less leepless nights, from which you wake tired and unre-reshed; by the langour and sense of nerrous and physical exhaustion which grow upon you more and

more. These are danger signals, and not to heed them is the folly of a fool.

What is to be done? The answer is plain enough. What is to be done? The answer is plain enough, You are losing your nerve force and power, and running down in energy and vitality. Whatever will restore this lost strength and vigor to the brain and nerves will put you again in sound health and strength. By all means use Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, for this is just what this great nerve cure will do for you. You can have no idea of its wonderful toning, strengthening and invigorating effects, its beneficial action as A move and bra n restorative. You can purchase it at any drug store for one dellar per hottle, and you need not be afraid to use it, for it is purely regetable, heing made from plants and herby, ma vellous in their health-giving and strength-restoring powers.

# INSPECTORS OF ELECTION.

The Democratic and Republican Representntives May Be Chosen To-Day.

As soon as Judge Barrett's order to show cause why the United Labor Inspector of Election vacancies should not be filled is

Election vacancies should not be filled is served on the Police Commissioners to-day the matter will be referred to the Corporation Counsel, and he will appear in Court on Thursday and argue the matter.

The Counsel's opinion is adverse not only to the application to fill vacancies caused by death and removal from the districts, but he holds that the entire list of appointees fulfilled their duties at the last Presidential election and that their claim to serve again because John J. O'Brien gave them a certificate good for one year goes for naught, that enthusiastic politician, the Chief of the Bureau of Elections, having exceeded his authority, in contravention of law.

in contravention of law.

It is quite probable that the Tammany,
County Democratic and Republican Inspectors of Election will be chosen to-day precisely as sent in by the respective party

A BERGEN JERSEYMAN. Ex-Senator Brinkerhoff, of Old Family and Brilliant Fame. Ex-State Senator William Brinkerhoff, of Jersey City, is a representative of one of the

oldest families of old Bergen, but not one of

his numerous ancestors attained such prom-

inence in the ancient town as he has in that of modern days. Mr. Brinkerhoff was born in the old homestead on Bergen Hill in July, 1843. When he was twenty-four years old he was Mayor of the town. In 1870 he went to the Legislature and since then has rarely been out of public

He succeeded Gov. Abbett as Corporation He succeeded Gov. Abbett as Corporation Counsel of Jersey City in 1883. In the same year he was elected Senator. Mr. Brinkerhoff is one of the leading lawyers of New Jersey. He is also a leader socially and is President of the Jersey City Athletic Club. The boys are all proud of him and he is record of the boys.

proud of the boys. FUN FOR AFTER DINNER

A Mean Streak.



Stranger (who is shading a very big drink of whiskey with his hand)-Fine day, Mr. Barkeep. Bartender (onto him)—Yes; you handle that glass of whiskey, my friend, in about the same way I lmagine that you handle a penny when dropping it into the contribution box.

Rare Good Luck. [From the Cartoon.] Husband-You seem very happy. Wife-Why shouldn't I? My jewel of a servant girl isn't going to leave mejafter all.

Tee Much to Ask. (From the Cartoon.)
Applicant (in editorial rooms)—Yes, sir, I as anxious to make journalism my profession, but I

Husband—Why not?
Wife—Sue had engaged to work for Mrs. Fortunatus, but she east't now, for this morning Mrs.
Fortunatus died. Wasn't it sweet of her?

cannot work on Sunday.

Editor—You could have Sunday off, if you deaired.
Applicant—Thank you, and one thing more, I am not willing to he.
Editor—Humph! Drop in after the campaign.

No Murriage in His.

[From Life.]
Jack (who has just come into a fortune)—Now hat I have all this money, Dick, I don't know what to do first.

Dick—Why don't you marry 7

Jack—Never! The fortune has done away with
all necessity for marrying.

A Hard Case [From Cartoon.] Tramp (at Union Square)-Couldn't you spare me dims, sir? I've walked all the way from Call-

fornia.
Actor (sympathetically)—What company did you go out with 7 Not if Mayor Hewitt Knows It.

[From Pack,]
The electric-light wire will soon be entitled to

rank with the oil-can, the blown-out gas and the gun that is not loaded.